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May, 1939

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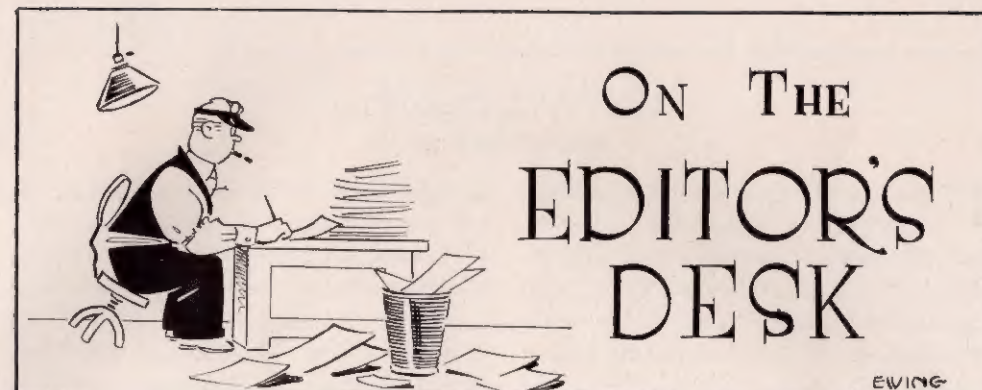
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1939 BASEBALL SQUAD



THE OPEN ROAD

Robert C. Moore

HAVE you ever gone out of your way to do something which you wanted to do very much? Have you ever freed yourself from everyone and done something that you really desired to do? Do you know what it is to make yourself absolutely free to do something which is important to you? It is one of the most pleasant as well as one of the most valuable experiences to which you can expose yourself.

You have seen your fellow-student who will sacrifice his vacation to travel here and there taking pictures. Afterwards he will finish them, and mount them carefully and skillfully. You have seen the boy or girl who hikes from early spring to late fall merely for the pleasure of walking long distances; the boy who will give up his weekend to work over a question on his chemistry set. And you have seen the boy or girl who will go miles to see or hear something connected with his ambitions or interests.

Have you ever thought what makes people do these things—these things which show that they are finding out more about life than the person who does nothing? Do you suppose it is because they have a definite interest which makes the free hours more vital and fascinating?

Recently this writer and another boy wanted to go to the liberal conference to be

held on Friday and Saturday at Williams College. But we were faced with the problem of getting transportation. After trying twenty-one people in less than a day, we got a ride for Saturday. We would hear two round table discussions and then come home. But we threw over a certain ride back to Pittsfield in favor of a chance ride when we liked what we had seen of the conference. The result was that we returned to Pittsfield at two o'clock Sunday afternoon.

But what did we get out of the trip? We got more than enough to compensate for our difficulties in transportation. Not having to go back with anyone in particular, we were free to take in what we wanted after the final lecture with no fear of having to turn in before we were through. We sat in the lounge of the Garfield Club, two high school students chatting with Mr. Oliver, the right hand man of John L. Lewis, as if we were his equals. The conversation broke up at two o'clock Sunday morning.

So there are advantages in cutting loose now and then and doing things on your own. When you have two or three days, you might enjoy a long hike cross country (where you have always wanted to explore), especially when you realize that many interesting experiences may fall your way.

Remember to look for the Open Road.

MY WATERLOO

By Celia Feinstock

THERE comes a time in every man's life, "be he great or be he small", when he must eventually come face to face with his Waterloo. It is as inevitable as death itself. Napoleon would doubtless uphold that statement, and, as for me, I can easily give it credence.

For ten years, to be exact, my life has been a misery for at least fifty minutes every day. That is the time when, most unwillingly, with lagging step, leaden heart, and worried brow, I steer an unsteady course to that horror chamber, the mathematics room. As you have probably correctly guessed, I am no miniature Einstein.

I can remember when I was ten years old, a well-meaning instructor, one day, attempting to instill within me a mathematical mind, called me to his desk. There, he promised that if I would only wrestle with all the problems he gave me that night until I did them perfectly, I should awaken the following morning a "newly born" person with a sense of freedom and the satisfaction of having accomplished a worthy feat. That night I did as he prescribed to the "letter," eagerly went to bed, and anxiously awaited the dawning of a new day for the fulfillment of my miracle. However, my only reward was a very nasty headache.

When in the ninth grade I became acquainted with my first "x's" and "y's", I felt as though I had opened wide the lid of Pandora's Box and set free all its misfortunes. Soon, I began to feel the bitter taste of despair, but I decided to struggle, to "try, try again." However, when one day judgment descended and I was called to the board to explain why "a" equalled "c" and not "b", and only exhibited myself as a perfect half-wit (for my "a" did equal "b") I ceased to struggle. As time went on, I met my rhombuses, parallelograms, rhomboids, and even those terrible

triangles without batting an eyelash. It was as if the Medusa had turned me to stone. Now, although I have begun once again to feel its misery, come what may, any type of figure, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and all such tortures, I shall struggle no longer. I know I have met my Waterloo.

LEST WE FORGET

By Loraine Dakin

They fought and died that we might in freedom live—

That o'er us all a flag of liberty might fly—
That we might speak and not fear condemnation,
And know the joy of peace before we die.

They fought and died that we might in freedom live—

And near the battlefield where they in conflict met—
Are shining crosses, standing row on row,
And poppies blooming—lest we should forget.

GINGER

By Margaret Fake

She's not a very handsome dog;
(Call her plain and I shan't mind);
She has the build of an oaken log
With a mop tacked on behind.
Her tail's too long; her legs, too short—
She's slightly over-weight;
Her fur is all of different sorts,
And is thick upon her pate.

At dog shows, she would win no prize—
She has no pedigree;
She's just a mutt with big brown eyes
And a personality.

PERHAPS - - - -

By Elizabeth Byrne

"OH, I am tired," Jill Wakely yawned as she turned the pages of a magazine. Jill had to have an oral topic for the next day and as usual had left it until the last thing. As Jill looked around at the family she wondered why she always had some difficult task to perform while the rest of the family could read or play cards. Jill was younger than her two brothers, who were both working. The Wakely family was a happy, congenial one, typical of the middle class people in America.

As she went through the magazines she read: "Is War Imminent? Shall We Have To Fight? Can America Keep Out of War?"

"I'm not going to take any of these topics," thought Jill to herself. "I hate the thought of war. I'll use that article on pneumonia serum—something that gives life, not that takes it away. I've read a lot about that serum and should be able to put it across so I'll get an -A-. After that zero yesterday, I can sure use an -A-. I wonder where I saw that article? I was reading it only yesterday."

All of a sudden Jill jumped up. It couldn't be true. She couldn't be hearing right! But there it was as plain as day—the excited radio announcer said, "Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt this program for a special news bulletin from Washington! UNITED STATES HAS JUST DECLARED WAR ON GER-MANY!" Her heart seemed to stop beating. It couldn't!—Oh! It couldn't be true! Not in her country! Not in her own America! But it was true, and Jill had to face that fact. AMERICA WAS AT WAR!

From then on things happened with lightning rapidity. First came Ned's enlistment. Jill couldn't understand her mother then. Mrs. Wakely talked and laughed with all of them, telling Ned that the discipline would be good for him, that the war couldn't last long. It would be over soon. Jill herself was heart-broken; she couldn't understand how her

mother could take it so easily. It wasn't until later that Jill knew that her mother was putting on an act. She was like a little boy who is afraid in the dark, but who whistles so that the world won't know he is afraid.

With Ned gone Jill's whole world changed. Gone were the happy, laughing times in the home—gone all the banter and wise-cracking, for how can anyone laugh and joke when the heart is filled with dread,—dread of what is to come?

Another few weeks, and Jack was on his way. This time it wasn't so easy for her mother to pretend. As for Jill, when she saw Jack going out of the house, everything that made life worth living seemed to go with him—Jack, her big brother! Jack, who never forgot his little sister needed spending money—Jack, who always made a fuss over her when her girl friends were around and made her feel important—Jack was just about the perfect big brother, and now Jack was going—going to hardships, fighting, suffering, perhaps to death!

"Oh, Mother, I just can't stand it; I would just as soon die," Jill cried. But her Mother smiled sadly and hugged her close.

"You haven't any choice, Jill, any more than I have. We just have to stand it and just remember that we have to be cheerful for Daddy's sake."

Came heatless days and meatless days. Sugar was scarce. There were no more fudge parties with her girl friends; no cakes or pies in the pantry for a lunch before bed. When Jill thought of the way she and Jack used to punish a box of candy she felt like screaming. She hadn't known how good life was until all the things she had taken for granted were gone.

From then on Jill seemed to walk in darkness. On all sides of her was the dreadful thing—Fear. It got behind her and pushed her along; it crowded her on both sides; it even

ran ahead of her and got in her way when she tried to move. Always, always, she seemed to be pushing Fear out of her way.

All of a sudden another horror appeared before her. Ned was sick in training camp with influenza. His mother knew there was no hope when she read the telegram, no hope for Ned, who had had pneumonia twice and always had such hard colds. But the three of them started for the training camp. What fun they would have had starting off together before this dreadful war started, but now, no matter how brave she wanted to be, poor Jill just could not be cheerful. Again her mother surprised her. She was so calm, so quiet, no tears or lamenting. Only once did she speak, just before they got to the camp.

"Perhaps this is God's way of answering my prayers. Maybe my boy won't have to fight," she murmured.

She was right—it was all over when they got there. Ned didn't have to fight after all.

In the weeks that followed, Jill tried so hard to be a comfort to her parents, but how could she when she was just one big ache of misery. It wasn't any consolation to Jill to know Ned wouldn't have to fight. And always there was the thought of Jack. Again Fear was hammering at her brain.

* * * * *

The door bell rang. Even before she opened the door Jill had a premonition of disaster. She opened the door to take the telegram. She read "Washington." She knew, oh, she knew what must be written there. "Killed In Action!" But she couldn't see the paper. She began to scream.

"No! No! It can't be true! I won't have it." Loud piercing screams rose from her throat and then—

Her mother was shaking her, "Jill, darling, What is the matter?"

"Mother, say it can't happen here in my own America."

"There, there. You have been asleep, dear. You fell asleep over the magazine."

"Well, well," said Jack, "did the baby fall asleep over the homework?"

For answer Jill threw her arms around Jack and hugged him—"Oh, Jack, I'm so glad you're here. I love you so."

"Well, where would you expect me to be—on a trip to South America?"

"I can't make you understand—but I'm so glad you're all here with me, and we can laugh and sing and joke and never be afraid." Jill was very serious.

"If you ask me, Jill, you're a little bit cuckoo," said Ned. "You had better do as Mother says, little girl; and go to bed and forget it. See if a good night's sleep will rest that tired brain of yours."

"Oh, you think you're smart, Ned Wakely, but laugh if you want. That is all I want—to see everybody in this house laughing."

Jill went up to bed, but she couldn't forget. Her dream was too real, too vivid in her mind. So she lay there for a long, long time, thinking. And she thought, "Why, I've had a wonderful life; I've always been warm and comfortable, have had plenty to eat, a nice mother and father and brothers. I've had so much fun at home and at school because I have never in all my life been afraid. It is a terrible thing to be afraid. Mother and Father have been through war and they know what Fear is. But I'll never know—We will never have war in my country,—in my own America. But—all those things I have seen in the magazine!

"Winston Churchill and men like him must think it is possible, or they wouldn't write about the possibility of war—I wonder—perhaps—" Then Jill got out of bed and down on her knees and prayed the first real prayer of her life.

"Oh, God! Please let me keep my place in America just as it is. Let me be warm and comfortable and happy with my family—And Oh, God, don't let me be afraid ever. Don't let there be war, cruel, fearful war in my country—in my own America."

NOW AND FOREVER MORE

By Alice Cohen

EDDY had five whole dollars. Yes, sir, five dollars! He had had his eighth birthday yesterday, and his Uncle Jim had given him five dollars to buy for himself whatever he wished.

His heart beat like a trip-hammer. The means of purchasing the desire of his young life were clearly visible. Ever since he could remember he had longed for a dog that would be his chum. He had planned the tricks he would teach it, the walks they would take, and the pride he would feel in showing his dog to his friends. He had teased his mother innumerable times for one, but there had always been other things to buy with the small income that John, his older brother and sole support of him and his mother, brought home every Friday. But now—Eddy could hardly believe it yet—he would have his pet as soon as he could reach the pound, where he might find just the dog he had always wanted.

He raced up the street, around the corner, and down another long street to the pound.

Breathlessly he informed the keeper of the purpose of his visit, and was told that he could have any dog in the pen for three dollars.

The boy pressed his nose against the wire netting that surrounded the pen in search of his dog-to-be. At once he saw a huge white and gold collie standing majestically apart from the other dogs. Eddy whistled to the dog and it walked daintily over to him, stuck its nose through the netting, whined softly, and looked at Eddy so beseechingly that the boy decided that this and no other dog would he take.

Having paid the keeper, he bought a license for his new pet with the two remaining dollars.

Just as he was about to depart, he asked eagerly, "What's this dog's name, mister?"

The keeper answered in a tone of voice that implied it was too late for Eddy to change his

mind now, "It ain't a he; it's a she and 'er name's Dawn."

"Oh," was all Eddy could muster for a reply. His mother liked dogs little enough, and to bring home a female collie—well!

* * * * *

"No, I will not have that dog in this house a single minute!" Eddy's mother was fairly beside herself in annoyance.

"But, mom, she likes me and I like her," protested Eddy.

"She," sneered Eddy's mother, "she, that's the trouble. Take that dog back at once!"

"Please, mom," sobbed Eddy.

Just then, John came in from work and demanded to know what all the rumpus was about.

"Eddy's gone and spent all his birthday money on a female mutt and I won't have it in the house a single moment!" shouted his mother.

"Please, Johnnie," begged Eddy; "she's my pal."

"Aw, let him keep the dog, mom," said Johnnie, and he silenced his mother's protest with a wink.

When Eddy was fast asleep that night with Dawn at the foot of his bed, John explained his wink to his mother.

"Now, mom, don't get excited. It's Eddy's birthday present and we don't want to make him feel bad. Now I'll take Dawn out, tie a weight around her neck, and throw her off the dock; then we can tell Eddy she ran off during the night and—"

"And," interrupted his mother grasping the idea, "we'll buy him a cute little male dog that won't grow very big."

So John put a coil of rope and an iron weight under his arm, tiptoed into Eddy's room, and called softly to Dawn, who obediently rose and came to him. She followed John out into the night with neither

hesitation nor doubt. As they walked along the wharf, Dawn frequently put her soft, cold nose into John's cupped hand, but he ordered her harshly off.

They finally reached the deep end of the wharf. As John stooped to tie the weight and rope around Dawn's neck, she did not run away or attempt to fight with him; she looked at him with such a hurt and questioning gaze in her almost human eyes that John could hardly still the reluctant feeling that tugged at his heart.

John finished tying the rope. He picked up the dog and threw her into the lake, but Dawn was heavy and the wharf slippery, and John fell too.

The cold, dark waters closed over his head. Three times he fought his way to the surface, but the icy waters numbed his arms and legs, and John knew, as he went under again, that he would be unable to fight his way back to the surface again. He had just about given up his last hope when a miracle happened. Something grabbed him by the nape of the neck. He was brought to the surface and slowly dragged to shore by Dawn.

No, Dawn had not drowned, for John, in his haste to finish the nasty business, had tied the weight so carelessly that it had slipped from its place as Dawn struck the water.

After Dawn had safely dragged her burden to shore, she lay down and tried to ease her labored breathing; then she rose to see if John was all right. He reached up and put his arm about Dawn's neck. Then he did a thing he could not remember ever doing before—he cried. He cried and cried, and Dawn licked his cheek comfortingly.

Finally John started for home, not alone as had been planned, but with Dawn beside him. All the way he walked in a sort of daze. To think that Dawn had saved his life after he had tried to end hers!

"Well, did you get rid of her?" queried John's mother in a stage whisper.

"No," he answered huskily. "I'll buy Eddy his dog, but Dawn's my dog now."

"What!" exclaimed the surprised mother.

"Yes, you're my dog now, aren't you, Dawn?" John came very near to cooing.

To verify this fact, Dawn came over to where Johnnie was sitting, put her silky head between his knees, wagged her tail, and, it seemed to Johnnie, smiled.

Yes, indeed. Dawn was John's dog now and forever more.

ADVICE TO SOPHOMORES

By the Seniors

GEORGE ADAMS—"Keep information about yourself from Mr. Geary or everyone in the school will know about it." (Now, George, is that nice?)

NEWTON ROYCE—"Keep away from the girls!" (Now don't get excited—he doesn't mean it.)

CECILE BISSAILLON—"Beware of senior boys, they're too wise." (Now how does she know?)

MARJORIE CAHALL—"Play a lot and study little."

MIKE CANCELLA—"Don't get Miss Kaliher." (Why not, Mike?)

MARGUERITE ENRIGHT—"When in need of a library slip—see Miss Murphy." (What's this?)

MARY LONDERGAN—"Let down your skirts 'n tuck in your shirts."

BILL FORD—"Don't chew gum in Miss Kaliher's room—it's dangerous!" (You oughta know.)

HENRY STENTIFORD—"Stay a soph—you won't have to worry about graduating."

DAVID BENJAMIN—"Stay away from senior girls—they're dynamite." (Experience, Dave?)

VIRGINIA DAVIS—"Stay away from the office."

GARTH DETTINGER—"Steer clear of Mr. Lynch if you want your private life to be private."

FOR SUCH IS YOUTH

By Lorraine Dakin

"I'll never give him up! Never, never, never!! Do you hear?" she stormed. "I can't live without him, mother. How can you b-be s-so cruel? Y-you and d-daddy got m-married when y-you were only s-seven-t-teen. And-n-now, w-when I'm s-so in l-love you forbid me even t-to see H-hamilton again—oh! !" With tears streaming down her face "she," Joan Connors, rushed from the living room, upstairs, into her bedroom and flung herself down on her bed, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Downstairs, a very distressed mother sank back in her chair with a sigh and frowned, shaking her head—if only she knew what to do! It seemed so serious this time, but so had it many times before. Last summer Joan vowed she'd "marry no other but Stan Westland." During the winter she'd said she'd "go into a monastery (or something)" if Percy Gordon didn't notice her—all of these affairs a few months had changed—but four months had passed since Hamilton Van Schuyler had come to town with his flashy roadster, flashier suits, and gay ties and socks! Oh! what could she do? Joan, only seventeen, and seriously thinking of marriage.

The cause of the violent outburst was Joan's casual remark that—"Ham and I are going to be married." Her mother's negative answer hadn't helped. Perhaps Mrs. Connors had been too hasty—in fact she had been—for she had not given Jo time enough to tell her that the marriage was to take place that very afternoon; that Jo had Ham's roadster outside as she was to drive to Westham, a small town nearby, there to meet Mr. Hamilton van Schuyler and with the aid of a justice of the peace become Mrs. Ham. But, it was too late, for already Joan had slipped out of the back door and into the waiting car.

* * * * *

As Jo drove gaily on her way, not one

thought did she give to the heartbreak she would cause her mother. She thought only of Ham's beautiful speeches, his dark eyes and curly hair, and what fun they'd have. Of course, she'd be unable to go swimming or hiking any more, and could no longer bask for long, lovely hours in the sun, because Ham could not swim or hike; his heart (he said) would not allow him to do anything strenuous (including work), and his skin burned worse than a baby's! But she was prepared to sacrifice all of these things for Hamilton, with his almost feminine frailty, and beautiful hair and eyes. Such is love! !

"Bang! Phoo—oosh—" Her thoughts were rudely interrupted by the unmistakable sounds of a puncture. She brought the car to a stop and stepped out to view the finest flat tire one could hope to see (except, perhaps Hamilton). Her eyes filled with tears and a lump as big as an egg rose in her throat—she'd never changed a tire in her life—did not even know where to begin.

"Oh, Hammy, darling," she wailed, "if you were only here! But no," she thought, "you couldn't change a tire; your heart wouldn't allow it—you sissy!" and was instantly amazed at her treacherous thoughts of her loved one.

There was a screech of brakes, and the sound of a cheery voice.

"Need any help, Jo?" She whirled to find a pair of very blue eyes regarding her amusedly from a field of freckles.

"Where to? Any place I can take you besides to a garage?" With these words six feet one of he-man climbed agilely down from the high seat of a big Mack truck and stood grinning down at her.

"Gosh, Jimmy, I've never been so glad to see anyone!" Jo said, and grinned herself,—that cute little-girl grin that Ham hadn't

liked, it being too unsophisticated for him. She showed him the tire and said,—

"You don't have to change it. I'll take the ignition key, and Hamilton can send someone out for it."

"Okay, hop in, and we'll be rolling along" and Jimmy jumped into the cab. Seeing that Joe was having a hard time reaching the high step, he leaned over and easily lifted her up to the seat.

"Ham could or would never do that for me; more likely I'd have to lift him," Jo thought and giggled to herself. "You're looking swell, Jim. What have you been doing?"

* * * * *

"Well, goodbye, Jo—see you later, don't forget," Jimmy called to her as she hopped down from the cab.

"No, I won't, see you in five minutes, Jimmy dear," and she dashed up the shaded street to the Justice's house.

"Well, where's the car? Why are you late? You know I shouldn't be out too long. Hurry, the Justice has an appointment!"

"Sorry, Hammy, I've found out I don't love you. Here's your car key; the car's a mile or two down the road with a flat tire. Bye, now. I've got a date with the most wonderful man in the world!" With a grin and a wave Jo was off to meet Jimmy at the truck terminal, from which they were going the long way home in his dilapidated old Ford.

According to Murray Levine, noted adviser on love: "By actual computation, high school romances last only a month." We would like a clearer exposition of how you arrived at those conclusions, Murray. He adds that he will solve this with his little booklet "Ten Thousand Easy Lessons on How . . ." Just enclose three housetops. Henry Kierstead has responded already.

SIMPLE THINGS

By Jack Teehan

Have you ever seen heaven in hubcaps?
Have you ever seen beauty in nails?
Have you ever been dazzled by dog collars?
Or enchanted by dinner pails?
The things I love are as common as these
As varied as coal mines and sapphire seas.
These have I loved.

The steamshovel gleaming with its steel
might,
The lights of aeroplanes, manned comets at
night.
The glistening whiteness of white sidewall
tires,
The enchanting gibberish of tobacco buyers.

Hydraulic brakes and a sport convertible,
Ships on horizons barely discernible.
Monotone voice of an old sideshow barker,
The blaze of a campfire when the woods get
darker.

The shower of snow with a Christie done
well,
The sirup'd accent of a fair southern belle.
The roar of a plane with wide open throttle,
The nickel back on a soda bottle.

A book that will please, an old easy chair,
The deer that was missed—just by a hair.
The swish of the racquet in a stiff tennis game
The suspense when Mom says—"A letter
came."

The jerk on your line when a trout hits the
fly,
Train whistles at night before they go by.
The thrill of making a thirty-foot putt,
The love of a dog that's only a mutt.

These I have loved, and not in vain,
Each is a link in the golden chain
Of memories, dear as Midas' gold,
Priceless treasures my heart shall hold.

THE RUBE

By Fred Cande

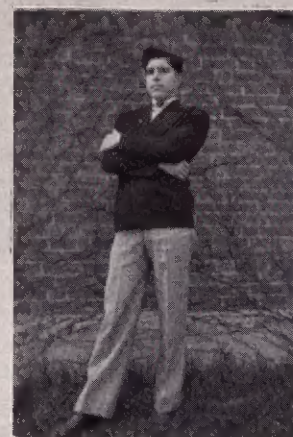
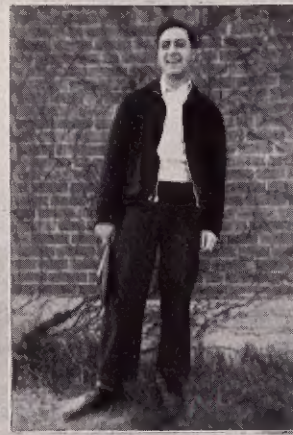
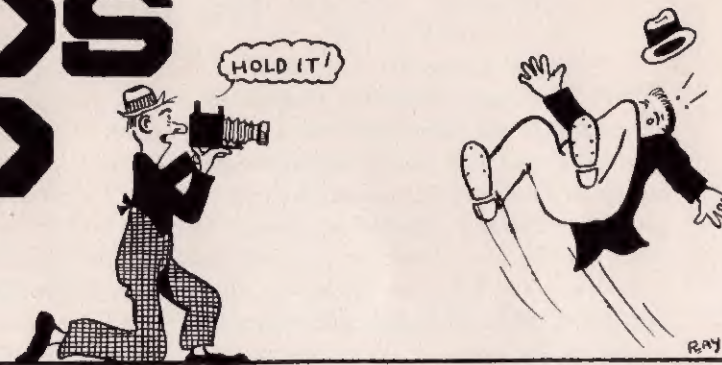
THE little gym of Forbes College was packed to its doors with the laughing, shouting crowd that had answered the first call for track. Two men stood forth prominently from the rest: the first was Coach Bill Grey, famous as a developer of stars; the second was Tex Riley, intercollegiate champion miler, holder of the half-mile crown, and captain of the team. Far more obscure than these two was a gawky freshman who looked as though he belonged in some farmer's grain field instead of on a college track team. His clothes hung like gunny sacks over his jointed angular body, and his eyes, hidden beneath horn-rimmed glasses, suggested long hours spent over books too deep for track stars. When he walked, his sleeves and trousers flapped like the garments of a scarecrow in a high wind. To say this lad, Harold Renton, was a flop was an understatement. He tried running in every event there was from the 100 to the two-miles with the same success—none. His life soon became a misery of taunts and scornful laughter, and he earned the unenviable nickname of "Rube."

Then, one night as he was walking dejectedly homeward, he spied some sophomores coming up the street behind him, and by the noise they were making, it took little imagination to see that they were out for a little fun. Determined that it wasn't going to be at his expense, he headed toward a side street which ended at the rear of his dormitory. He had almost turned the corner when a sophomore spied him, and in a twinkling the whole group

was rushing pell-mell after him. Sprinting with all his might, he reached the end of the street a good deal ahead of his pursuers, only to be confronted by a high wire fence. Looking behind him he saw the eager sophs almost on him. Bolstered somewhat by fear he ran back a few steps, then forward, and cleared the fence, leaving a winded and angry group of sophomores behind him. The next morning when he looked out of his window he saw the fence which had barred his progress. It was all of five feet high. Rube stared thoughtfully at it; then his homely face lit up with a smile. By golly! he'd show those smart aleck track stars a thing or two. The next day to the cheers of the high jumpers, Rube ushered himself into their presence. He went directly to the end of the practice line and awaited his turn. It came. Rube ran swiftly forward but stumbled and fell forward taking the bar with him. The few spectators roared, the high jumpers did likewise, and even the coach smiled. The Rube was glowering. He picked himself up, dusted himself off, set the bar at five feet and walked back into position. Then he ran swiftly forward, and leaped easily over. He set the bar a few inches higher and repeated his performance. This went on until he set the bar at the conference record. Taking a deep breath he completed his performance with a beautiful leap, and sank down exhausted. Everybody was shouting for and laughing at "Rube". Rube smiled happily, because for the first time the name "Rube" held respect.



WHO'S WHO



And Why

BRIDGE FAN

An ardent bridge fan is Dorothy Douglas. (Dot to most of us.) A Senior, she has her monogram and is on her way to another. Liking all sports, she admits she'd rather play golf or baseball than eat, though she's fond of eating, too. Her pet dislike is a jay-walking pedestrian, 'cause she just got her license. On the Yearbook staff and the picture committee she's pretty busy these days—but not too busy to be an honor student and all-around *swell* girl.

NAPKIN TUCKER:

This napkin tucker is Edward Haddad, chairman of the Junior Prom. He likes eating (when it's chocolate pie), sleeping and fishing. We wonder if he sleeps while he fishes. He prefers the quiet girls and his ambition is to be able to serve Mr. Herrick seven different flavors of *vanilla* ice cream. He hopes to go to college, but he doesn't know where. When asked about the Prom he said, "It's going to be the best ever." He's a notorious school-skipper, having been out of school for two months last fall when his sojourn in Syria was prolonged by sickness.

DIMPLES

Step right up and meet Audrey May, proud owner of the nickname "Dimples." English is Audrey's favorite subject, and after college she plans to teach it (though not for long, we think). She is an ardent devotee of Kay Kyser, graham cracker pie, and broadcasting, but dislikes very much, to say the least, a big history quiz after she's been out late the night before. Her hobby is Rainbow.

ETHEL SCHARMANN

This demure but versatile young miss is Ethel Scharmunn, better known as "Peb." As one of the busiest girls in school, "Peb" is a member of the Ring Committee, Secretary of the Girls' Glee Club, and Chairman of the Picture Committee. (The latter sure keeps her stepping, just now.) "Peb" is a great hiking enthusiast and hopes to go hosteling this summer. She loves to read when she has the time and adores all edibles containing chocolate. She says her favorite "subject" is assemblies, but Senior Math. ranks next. She was a member of the "Pinafore" chorus, enjoys good music, and abhors "jitterbugs."

KENNETH WILLIAMS

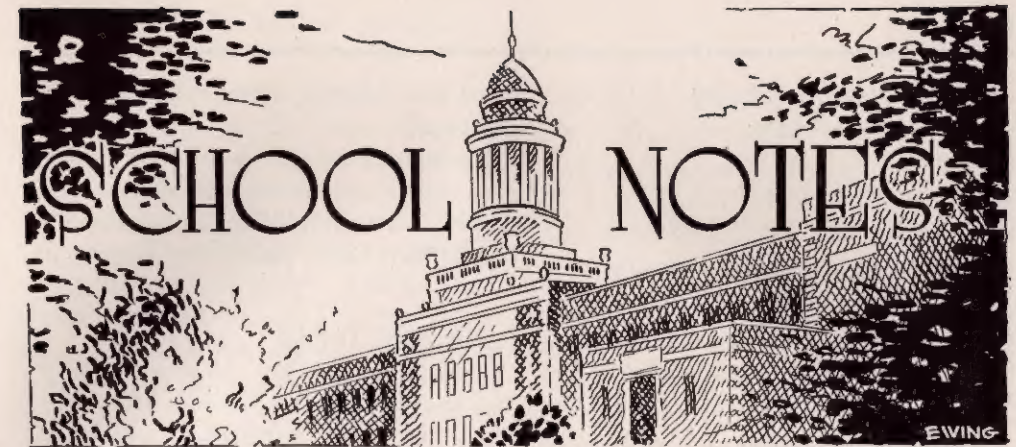
Boys and girls meet Kenneth Williams. He is a graduate of Pomeroy Jr. High School. He detests English and silly girls, but he does like school, good music and a certain sophomore. His activities since he has entered P. H. S. have been Glee Club, Harmonica Band and "Pinafore" chorus. His ambition is to enter the Army Air Corps. His favorite saying is "All right." He is now in his second year as Harmonica Band head.

CONCERT MISTRESS

Of immeasurable help to our high school and "Pinafore" orchestras is concert-mistress Grace Steele. Grace likes her music very much, but having pity on her neighbors, she hopes to have a sound-proof room in her home. She greatly desires to continue her musical career, but if she finds this impossible, she would like to be a really *good* secretary. Grace confesses that she likes listening to good music, banana splits, and cooking, (her specialty is fudge), but that she cannot stand people who talk during concerts or the movies, and abhors study-hall teachers who wander around the room.



THE CREW OF "H. M. S. PINAFORE"



PINAFORE

Side-splitting Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., and his Royal Navee made "Pinafore" the biggest success that ever hit P. H. S. . . . Many saw it twice, April 27 and 28. . . . Much credit is due to Mr. Gorman and his twenty-two piece orchestra. . . . Its quality surprised all, paved the way for succeeding P. H. S. operas.

THE HARMONICA BAND

In October the Harmonica Band began its second year. There were many who answered the call for enrollment, but after the tryouts, the number of members was set at seven. Later a quartet, composed of Robert Finnegan, Edward Jones, Francis Sherman, and Kenneth Williams was formed. With Bruce Hainsworth assisting at the piano, the band played for many out of school affairs. Members of the band are Kenneth Williams, leader; John Bence, Albert Dalhaus, Lewis Holden, William Holden, Russell Keegan, and Francis Sherman. Mr. Conroy is the adviser.

Progressing rapidly but quietly are plans for S. S. G. We hope these meetings are doing much to help the cause along, for we'd like to see S. S. G. in operation next year.

DRAMATIC CLUB

After a somewhat dull season our aspiring young actors and actresses will blossom forth on May 24th at Sacred Heart Church in the one-act play, "Do You Believe in Luck?"

Roles will be played as follows:
 Mrs. Crandon, the guileless head of the house
 Gertrude Cohn
 Peggy Crandon, her 18-year-old daughter
 Ellen Dallmeyer
 Jane Bradford, Peggy's chum Jennie Dassatt
 Jimmy Crandon, the kid brother
 Francis Sherman
 Bob Davis, a neighbor who likes Peggy
 Edmund Bissaillon
 Miss Penelope Crandon, the aunt, not a bit guileless
 Margaret Fake
 Marigold Alice, the cook Mary Everest
 Professor Livingston, somewhat absent-minded
 John Bence
 Ned Brown, a reporter Fred Peck
 A newsboy Melvin Fake
 Mrs. Jones, from the country Eleanor Levy
 Sophy Jones, her little daughter
 Frances Lo Cascio
 On the Stage Committee are:
 John Bence, chairman; Ellen Dallmeyer, Frances Lo Cascio, and Fred Peck
 Make-Up Committee:
 Margaret Fake, chairman; Palma Passero, and Edmund Bissaillon
 Director Margaret Tierney

JUNIOR PROM

We the Juniors of P. H. S.
Give a Prom that is our best.
It's the finest Prom, believe you me;
Just buy a ticket and you will see.

Come, sophs and seniors, one and all;
Bring your beaux and girls to our great hall.
Don Retallick can't be beat;
He'll make you want to stamp your feet.
Tonight: 8.30-12 o'clock.

The general chairman of this big event is Edward Haddad. Chairman of the decorating committee is Eugene Amber with the following assistants: David Strout, Eugene Quirk, George Grossman, Milton Bass, Geraldine Seagrave, Clair Grieve, Erva Buich, Frank Moynihan, James Roe, Kenneth Weeks, Arthur Bovett, Fred Sillars, Albert Polito, John Ewing, and Donald Lucier.

Marjorie Horton will lead the forces on the ticket and program committees. She will have the following on her committee: Helen Pendergast, Elizabeth Byrne, Barbara Gaylord, Pearl Goodman, Patricia Walsh, Albert Wing, Robert Kelley, Robert Whitney, Ernest Stone, Arthur Teot, and John Bence.

Alice Lloyd is chief of the reception and invitation committee. Her assistants are Betty Duerr, Edna Freehoffer, Marjorie Bawlby, Jean Leanox, Irene Buby, Eileen Perry, William Eckerson, Herbert Boyajian, Robert Johnson, George Morton and Alton Nichols.

The House Committee head is Frederick Peck with the following on his committee: John Dexheimer, Robert Hurley, Robert Cranston, Ralph Patterson, William Cummings, Francis Blair, Crosby Olinto, Almon Roche, Bruce Miller, and William Tucker.

The Refreshment Committee will be headed by Madeline Keegan and will consist of Pamela Moyce, Helen Horton, Eloise Hendershot, Betty Milne, Barbara Lacatell, Dorothy Yarmey, Eunice Potter, Dorothy Humphrey, Antoinette Mogavero, Walter Winward, George Grover, Anthony Espisite, Ed-

mond Bissaillon, Granville Lindley and Gordon Hough.

The music committee is in charge of Virginia Amerio and the following are assisting: Muriel MacIntyre, Stella Duda, Benning Monk, Silvio Conti, and William Kenyon.

HERE AND THERE

Daylight Saving Time may be a marvelous idea in some people's estimation, but maybe that's the reason everyone is wandering around with eyes half open.

Spring took such a long time in coming that we feel we should have an extra long summer to make up for it.

Now the teachers are getting stricter with their library permits. They cross-examine you, and if you're not a good liar you usually stay in the study hall.

The news has leaked out about the riotous behavior of the girls in their first gym exhibition years ago. Since then they have quieted down, and the girls now have no desire to walk on the piano or run around the front lawn in their gym suits.

Now that wrapper candy no longer adorns our lunch counter, the girls will have a better chance of keeping their girlish figures. Anyway, it's better than trusting to your will-power.

ATTENTION GIRLS!

!! Girls!! Have you heard the remarks that a certain chemistry teacher is making about us? He says that a friend of his has just been (so they call) blessed with twin girls. He does not think it so wonderful, however. He says that to have one girl is bad enough, but when there're two involved it's a calamity. Now I ask you girls "Should we stand for it? Are we girls or mice?" We don't give out names, but his laboratory door is marked 316, if that will help, and I think it will.

HERE AND THERE

While making out our subject cards for next year, the question of how many units it takes to get in the WPA arose.

Poetic Melvyn Fake really started something when he rhymed those insulting remarks about the modern girl. Some kind soul should take up a collection to buy him a copy of "How to Win Friends and Influence People." [Ed. Note: He'll need it! Or a casket.]

They've started taking eye tests now. Last year it was our ears that got tested, but what a wonderful chance to get out of some studying.

Everything happens to the "poor little Soph". It seems that a certain biology class was discussing the milksnake. When asked how the snake obtained the milk, a "little soph" boldly replied, "they wait for the drip." O, my goodness—what next!!!

We guess all the loud clothes of good old P. H. S. are not being worn by the fairer sex. Your reporter has just seen some boys' shirts that would make Joseph's coat of many colors look anaemic.

Now that the girls have been taken to task for careless dressing, why can't something be done about some of the boys who attend this high school? [Ed. Note: Ignore this.]

It's a crime the way some girls are reforming their boy-friends. They take an innocent, perfectly sloppy and perfectly happy boy, and make a gigilo out of him. You just can't make men out of these fashion plates. [Ed. Note: Note the change!]

Now that spring is really here, the lobby is empty at lunch hours. It has lost the fascination it once had, so you'll find everybody outside drinking in the warm fresh air that they can't get in classrooms.

I believe that the girls viewed the mirrors in the boys' locker room with slight satisfaction. That shows that boys do use them and probably twice as often as girls.

The Girls' Gym Exhibition was an enormous success. The boys enjoyed it especially.

With "Pinafore" a very pleasant memory, our next event on the social calendar is the Junior Prom, which can't help being a success, with the splendid committees we have.

I wonder just how long it would take to get all the students to clean their lockers. Such an accumulation of books and other trash! It's a good thing we are not wearing coats.

On the 14th of April Miss Kelly's 6th period class celebrated the birthday of our old friend Mr. Shakespeare. They had ice cream and cakes at the party. Too bad Bill himself couldn't have been there.

Although it was very hard for us to get used to the daylight saving time, we are back to normal now. [Ed. Note: Is that so?]

We rarely see a happy face in the school these days. The seniors are bemoaning the fact that they are soon to leave the kind portals of P. H. S., and the little sophomores and cocky juniors look sad because they will sorely miss their betters.

Seniors, hurry, first come, first served. Choose your partners for the Senior banquet dance and be really satisfied.

THEY'RE OFF

"We sail the ocean blue
And our saucy ship's a beauty
We're sober, sober men and true
And attentive to our duty."

The quotation is from "Pinafore" but by the thirty-first it will apply to Wally Morgan and his orchestra (five men: Wally, Ken Rice, Dave Strout, Gordon Hough, and Donald Coleman), which has a job with the Cunard White Star Line until July. Over on the Aquitania . . . seventeen days in England and Scotland . . . back on the Laconia. Remember the third line, boys.

AN AMBITIOUS SOPHOMORE
MERELY ATTEMPS TO REMIND
THE FORGETFUL TEACHER TO
GIVE NEXT DAY'S HOMEWORK
ASSIGNMENT

—DON LUCIER



BIKE RIDERS TAKE NOTICE

By Bernard A. Williams

(This article is from the June 1897 issue of THE STUDENT'S PEN and should be of interest to all bicycle fans of 1939.—Editor's Note.)

"Largely through the efforts of Mills '98 and Newman '98 the bicycle riders at the high school took part in their first road race. It was a success in every way. In spite of a strong wind, excellent time was made.

"Edward McGee '99 was the first to reach home, closely followed by Gale, '99; McLaughlin '00; Medicke '00, Parsons '99, and Purches '00.

"Walker '97 made the best time. His riding was very creditable. Parsons '99, and Welch '98, made the time in less than 38 minutes. Below are the entries and time of starting:

"McGee, 6.00; McLaughlin, 6.02; Foote, 6.04; Purnell, 5.04; Medicke, 6.05; Purches, 6.05; Gale, 6.05; Goldman, 6.07; Parsons, 6.07; Welch, 6.08; Walker, 6.10, scratch.

"The time occupied by the several riders is as follows:

"Walker, 34 min. 21 sec.; Parsons, 36 min. 3/4 sec.; Welch, 37 min. 35 sec.; Gale, 38 min.; Medicke, 38 min. 15 sec.; Purches, 38 min. 35 sec.; Goldman, 39 min.; Purnell, 40 min.; Foote, 40 min. 20 sec.; McLaughlin, 41 min. 10 sec.; McGee, 41 min. 30 sec."

Editor's Note:

What we'd like to know is where the race was held and what was the distance covered. Perhaps we could set some new records with our modern bikes.

REVENGE!

By Bruce Hainsworth

Captain Art Carletti and Ralph Renzi led a determined Pittsfield track team to a 55-49 victory over the Berkshire trackmen on May 6, at the Sheffield track. Last year Berkshire's boys beat Pittsfield's best, 54-50, by winning the last event, the relay. But this year, since the score is so different, you can just sit back, and gloat over these results:

The low-hurdles event was first on the program, and Pittsfield started inauspiciously with a mere second place, taken by Grady. Winthrop Evans and Renzi, running first and third respectively, evened the score in the 100-yard dash. Pittsfield placed second and third in the mile run, and then took four successive firsts: Ed Bailey in the 440-yard event, Pierson in the half-mile, Captain Carletti in the high-jump (no surprise), and Gentile in the pole-vault. Berkshire took both first and second places in the broad-jump and repeated the feat in the javelin-throw. Pittsfield's Renzi took the shot put, but Whitehouse, of Berkshire, took first in the second-to-last event, the discus throw, with a heave of over 104 feet. Exactly in last year's pattern, the score stood 50-49 in Pittsfield's favor, with only one event remaining, the relay. But this time Pittsfield's team (Conti, Mele, Carletti, and Evans) turned the tables to make the final score 55-49.

Whitehouse, a Berkshire man, walked off with two firsts under his belt and the individual laurels on his head . . . Baker, a long-

legged sophomore, placed third in the high jump and seems destined for higher things. Gentile cleared the bar at 10 ft. That's a good jump with any man's legs . . . Half-milers are plentiful at Pittsfield: Pierson, Procopio, and Mitchell made a clean sweep of that event. Maybe they get practice running to school? (More likely, running home.)

MAYBE NEXT TIME!

By Bruce Hainsworth

On May 6 a duel was staged on the Williamstown mound between Pittsfield's Simeno and Heidel and Williams' ace, Ed Spaulding. Since Williams is a college and since it was strictly a non-league game, we can shamelessly tell you that it was a 2-1 loss for Pittsfield. Spaulding turned in a finished performance for the winners, but our own pitchers were scarcely less striking; they allowed only seven hits, meanwhile striking out ten of the freshman squad.

Pittsfield's lone tally crossed the plate in the sixth, while Williams counted in the third and ninth. Incidentally, Gunnar Hagstrom, a Pittsfield graduate, won the game for Williams, scoring one run in person and driving in the other.

Pittsfield seems headed for a good season, as the team showed up so well against college competition.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Bertha Thomson

TOURNAMENTS

The girls' bowling tournaments came to an end April 28, and when final scores were inspected it was found that Mary Popp, a senior, had placed first; Rita Edda, also a senior, second; and Janet Millard, a junior, third.

The seniors' winning streak carried over into the basketball tournament. It seems that the seniors have at last "come out of their dreams" or at least broken the jinx which

prevented them from beating the juniors and sophomores.

GYM AWARDS

The highest award given in the gymnasium is the monogram. Each girl has to earn four letters in order to receive this award. Mary Popp is receiving her second monogram, having earned eight letters. Girls receiving monograms are:

Lillian Belair, Dorothy Douglas, Rita Edda, Jennie Karpeck, Edith Leipe, Jennie Naprava, Mary Popp, Nellie Spasyk, Margaret Ward.

The second highest award is the letter received for winning any tournament in the gymnasium.

Girls receiving letters are:

Thelma Alexander, Lillian Belair, Anna Buksa, Corrine Duval, Genevieve Graham, Mary Hogan, Grace Houston, Edith Hunt, Mary Maruk, Mary Dennis, Alta Miller, Marjorie Monticone, Wanda Naprava, Patricia Plunkett, Emma Renzi, Virginia Retallick, Ruth Thorp, Jeannette Tysiewski, Dorothy Yarmey, Marjorie Monroe.

For making a first team or earning 150 points girls receive their numerals.

Dorothy Arigoni, Veronica Brown, Josephine Broyles, Virginia Broyles, Catherine Butler, Mabel Deloye, Evelyn Denno, Helen Finklestein, Virginia Gamwell, Pearl Gramkowski, Grace Houston, Grace Jones, Mary Londergan, Doris Lovejoy, Blanche Mierjewski, Janet Millard, Alta Miller, Lorraine Mongeon, Marjorie Monroe, Rita Myers, Phyllis Petit, Theresa Pignone, Arlene Quetti, Jessie Sadlowski, Concetta Scipione, Jeanette Tysiewski, Mabel Valenti, Gloria Vittone, Elizabeth Wheeler.

Squad Leader emblems are awarded to the girls picked as leaders to take roll call and assist the teachers. These are:

Dorothy Arigoni, Anna Buksa, Agnes Cullen, Edna Freehoffer, Christine Mangum,

Carrie Mylnarczyk, Jessie Sadlowski, Jeanette Tysiewski, Gloria Vittone, Margaret Ward, Soula Diamond, Rose Borsello, Arna Brookman, Bertha Thomson, Jean Taylor, Ruth Jansen, Marjorie Salo, Dolores Dondi, Evelyn Hunt, Evelyn Jacobs, Helen Goodwin, Ruth Markam, Jean Deloye, Shirley Patterson, Edythe Boice, Eleanor Bunt, Etta Burghardt, Betty Gleaser, Dorothea Wilber, Marilyn Goodermote, Katherine Wowk, Sally Zajac, Elizabeth Urban, Ruth Miller, Mabel Valenti.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

During the second year of its existence in Pittsfield High School the Motion Picture Club has seen nine of the more pretentious productions of Hollywood and England. These pictures are as follows: "Boys' Town," "The Citadel," "Drums," "Idiots' Delight," "Sweethearts," "Kentucky," "Pygmalion," "Alexander Graham Bell," and "Union Pacific."

Topics were given on each picture. In addition there was generally a lively, informal discussion in which all the members expressed their opinions of the picture seen.

The present officers of the club are as follows:

President—Marion Rhodes
Vice President—Theresa Shelsey
Corresponding Secretary—Barbara Sillars
Treasurer—Carolyn Vergati
Chairman of Program Committee—Phillip Boyington
Chairman of Reporting Committee—Alfred Persip
Librarian—Sue Mauro

Dan Brandt says: "It's funny, but I don't seem to think that any of the girls that other boys think are beautiful really are . . . I don't think any of them around here are beautiful." End quote, and end life.

BASEBALL NEWS FROM HITHER AND YON

By Bernard A. Williams

From Hither—we thought you might like to know that Gunnar Hagstrom of the baseball squad of 1937 is second baseman of the Williams College freshman squad. Another varsity star of other recent baseball squads is Nick Daligian, captain of last year's nine, who is pitching on a St. Louis Cardinal's farm team down South.

From Yon—"Drury 16—Pittsfield 1" reads the score of the baseball game P. H. S. had with Drury in 1897. They would never have beaten us so badly though if we had known the new rule requiring the members of the teams to be students of the school. We were counting on one Spaulding, a pitcher, but when the Drury team arrived we were informed we must do without Spaulding. With the aid of this same Spaulding though, who must have become a student in the interim, we walloped Lebanon 26 to 1 the same year.

A certain Latin teacher has observed that flattery is not always subtle. Of course not—look at the steam roller.

According to a second story locker supervisor, who wishes to have his name withheld, Miss Kaliher was looking, a few years ago, rather "desperately" for something or other. We'll take roses, thank you.

Murray Levine says he has seen quite a few triangles about school. Most of them merely obtuse, but a few he could call cute. Remember Murray's booklet.

It seems the little fish is coming into his own with everyone singing either the touching ballad of "The Three Little Fishes" or "Want some sea-food, Mama." (A bit of irony, what?)

HUMOR COLUMN

WE admit that this is based on only 100 per cent fact, so judge accordingly. Henry Kierstead has finished German II some time ago, but he is back in German I class again "to sit in there." According to his teacher, he is "sweet on Mary-Jane." Fear not, we have our tickets on the Triple Zephyr Express.

The story is that both Friend and Henry Kierstead got Valentines (on February 14) from someone with the affectionate name of Slug Nutty . . . Pick 'em tough, boys.

From Bruce Miller: "A Pinafore your thoughts" . . . Excuse him. He was recovering from Friday night's show at the time.

Our nomination for the "popularity kid" after "Pinafore": Newt Royce. He has been seen with practically everyone in the cast and is reported to have made that classic remark to Josephine at the beginning of the second act: ""

Why did all the girls hurry home and hunt feverishly for some shoe polish on May 3? (What we'd really like to know is who told on us and put that article on the front page of the "Eagle"?)

For Latin students only: Another use for the ablative of separation—Reno.

We see that a new law in Provincetown, Mass., says: "All bathing suits will reach the knees." So that's what they have been reaching for.

Most of the French II students have received letters from their correspondents, and on the whole they seem quite disappointed. What did they expect—love letters?

For the benefit of history students: This laissez-faire or leave alone policy which you read about in your history books so much means this to Governor LaFollette: "A heating system with the fire blazing, the needle on the safety valve way past safety, the sides of the boiler heaving mightily, and on top of the boiler an Old Guard Republican and an Old Guard Democrat, repeating, 'Let nature take its course.' " All of which sounds like the report-card indifference.

We heard a rumor from someone the other day that Mr. Carey has an apple tree or a grape vine in his back yard . . . Not a suggestion: We don't believe that he has any searchlight.

Sophs may be timid, but ask George Walsh how timidly he knocked at the door of three Williams' seniors at three o'clock one morning recently . . . He awakened the heaviest sleeper though.

The Math department finds it necessary to teach logarithms and graphs at different times. They are afraid that we might attack the logs with the axes.

Skirts are getting rather high. Pretty soon no one will be able to afford them.

A girl in trig class was checking her homework. "I almost got that angle," she said; "I'm eight minutes off."

"Go get a late-slip, then."

We hear that Henry Kierstead is passing German notes to some nice girl who reads only English. We suggest you send in four housetops, and get Murray Levine's handy booklet, "Ten Thousand Easy Lesson on How . . ."

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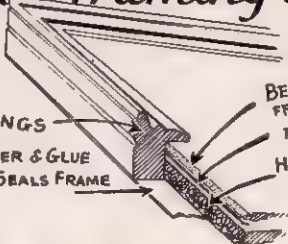
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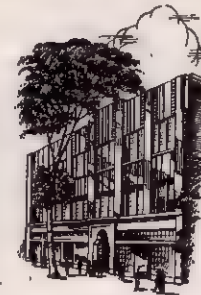
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